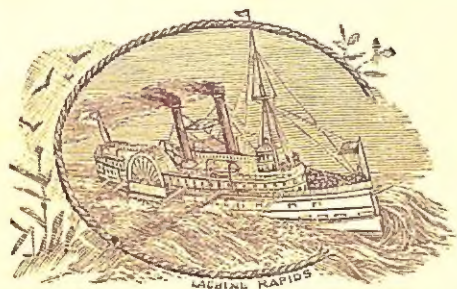


22
Pilgrimage :
Wheeling Commandery No. 1,
KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

ITINERARY.

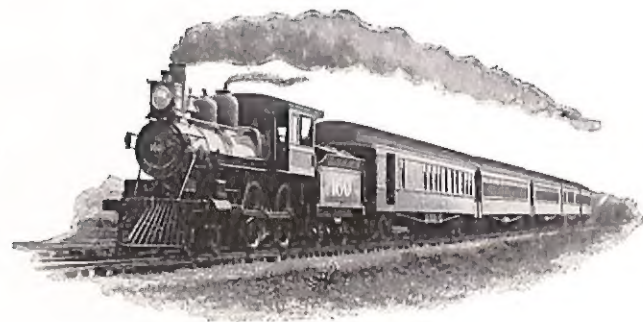


Triennial Conclave,
BOSTON, MASS.,
August, 1895.



RIVER VIEW AT BEAUTIFUL ZOAR.

Itinerary.



ITINERARY.



LEAVING WHEELING Tuesday evening, August 20th, at 8 o'clock p. m. (Wheeling City time), the finest trip ever undertaken by Wheeling Commandery, or of any society out of Wheeling, will be commenced by Commandery No. 1 Knights Templar, *en route* to the Triennial conclave in Boston. Gliding out of the Union Station, followed by the cheers and well wishes of a host of friends, the handsomest vestibuled sleeping car train ever leaving the city will speed swiftly away, quickly crossing the Union Bridge into Ohio, and following along the beautiful Ohio River Valley to Warrenton, ten miles away, where the train turns into the picturesque Short Creek Valley, its banks guarded by majestic sycamores, whose wide extending branches cast fantastic shadows in the rippling stream below. Making no stops, this special limited train will whirl along through many beautiful places—fields rich with the season's harvest, "apple and peach



VIEW OF WHEELING, W. VA.

tree fruited deep," "the bending branches just transmuting their green unripeness into scarlet, gold and purple, the imperial colors of nature when crowned for the festival of Autumn."

Among the many pleasant, inviting places is the quaint and curious Zoar—or, as it is well called, "Beautiful Zoar"—on the line of the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway, which is visited by hundreds of people every summer, from different parts of the country.

The Zoar Society possesses everything in common, all being equally rich. Its people located at Zoar in 1817, after being driven out of Germany by much persecution, owing to their religious beliefs. Their hospitality is very kindly, and a fine well-kept hotel adds to the pleasure and comfort of its visitors.

Perhaps at no other place in this country can one find so much bearing on the subject of community of interests and kindred matters as in "Beautiful Zoar," where the theory has been practically tested and carried out in the daily lives of this kind, warm-hearted people for nearly a century.

To the lover of nature Zoar will ever be an attractive spot, with its surrounding hills covered with majestic forests, clear streams and picturesque river. The angler finds

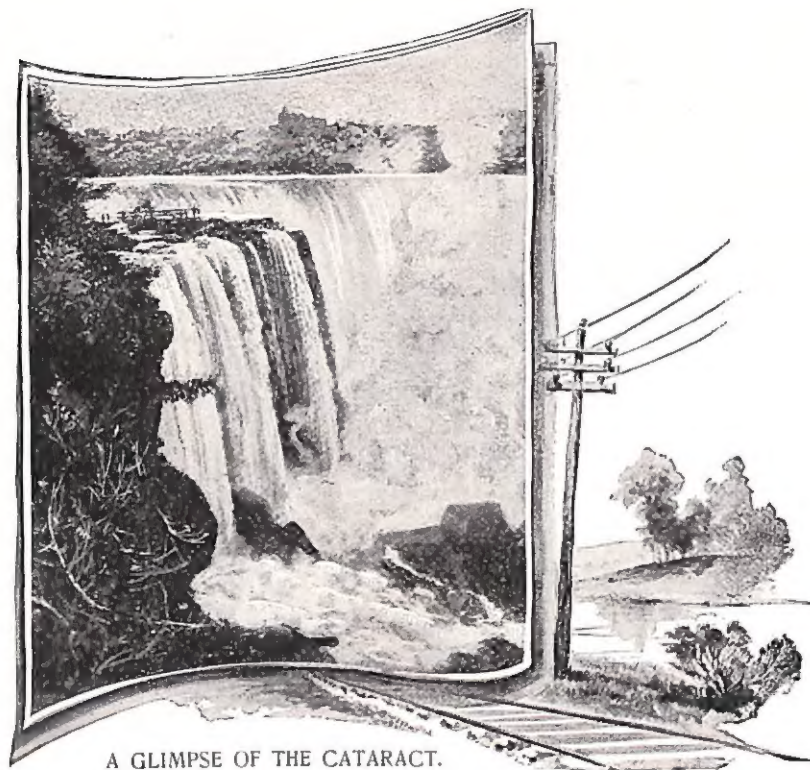


VIEWS AT BEAUTIFUL ZOAR

abundant sport and fruitful rewards in the Tuscarawas River, and the lovers of boating find ample means of gratifying their desires. On the return trip any of the party may stop for a few days at this interesting resort.

Continuing, this special train will pass through Canton, via the Valley Railway, one of the rapidly advancing cities of the State, noted for its many manufacturing interests, conspicuous among them being the great Dueber Watch Works. Thence to Akron, the Summit City of the State, very beautifully located on and among the hills, and on to Cleveland, noted for its many points of interest, which will be visited by all who wish, on the return trip.

Here the train will be run on the track of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis (Nickel Plate Road) and the trip continued via this well-known road, journeying on towards Buffalo in full view of Lake Erie, whose blue waters kiss the pebbly shore as it ebbs and flows; the traveler charmed with the pleasing prospect. Passing the great Grape Belt of Northern Ohio, the rich fruitage purpling under the August suns, filling the air with their sweet odor, bidding the traveler stop, pluck, and eat of the enticing vintage. Onward along the smoothest steel highways, through the cities of Painesville, and Ashtabula



A GLIMPSE OF THE CATARACT.

with its great ore docks, thence into Northern Pennsylvania, through the well-known city of Erie, and as the "gray dawn is breaking," the great city of Buffalo will come into view. Reserving a visit to this city until the return trip, the train will proceed directly to Niagara Falls, over the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, less than an hour's ride, where we will arrive in time for breakfast.

After breakfast, at the most desirable place, the party will view the greatest falls in the world, visited annually by tens of thousands of people, drawn thither from all parts of the world.

Tongue and pen fail in describing this great natural wonder.

Sir Edwin Arnold says: "Before me the great cataract of America is thundering, smoking, glittering with green and white rollers, hurling the waters of a whole continent in splendor and speed over the sharp ledges of the long brown rock, by which Lake Erie the Broad steps proudly down to Ontario the Beautiful."

Again he says: "Whenever for a time the gaze rests with inexhaustible wonder upon the fierce and tumultuous American Fall, the mightier and still more marvelous Horseshoe steals its way again with irresistible fascination. Full in front lies that

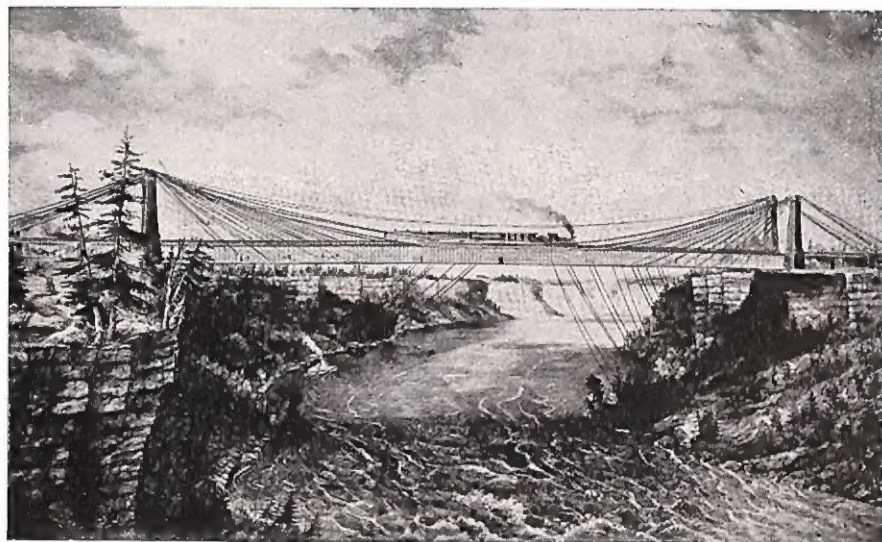


VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS.

wholly indescribable spectacle at this instant. Its solemn voice—an octave lower than the excited, leaping, almost angry cry of fervid life from the lesser cataract—resounds through the golden summer morning air like the distant roar from the streets of fifty Londons, all in full activity.”

The entire forenoon until after dinner will be spent visiting Prospect Park, Goat Island, Lime Island, Whirlpool Rapids, Cave of the Winds, and scores of other points of interest. Beholding with wonder what George Augustus Sala has been pleased to call “a grand open book before you, a book whose pages are infinite, whose lore is untold, and whose teachings are eternal.”

Looking at this stupendous volume of falling water, listening to its mighty cadence, the attractive influence is almost irresistible. Charles Dickens has beautifully said: “The first effect—the enduring one of the tremendous spectacle of Niagara—was peace. Peace of mind, tranquility, calm recollections of the dead, great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness. Nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart, an image of beauty, to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat forever.”



SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM THE FALLS.

Leaving the fascinating Falls, a speedy run of a couple of hours *via* the Grand Trunk Railway, the great International route, will bring this happy party of tourists to Toronto, the largest city on Lake Ontario, and the capital of Ontario, having a population of over 200,000 people. The Province of Ontario is the wealthiest, commercially, industrially, and from an agricultural point of view, in the Canadian Confederation. The Capital suits the Province. Beautifully, elegantly constructed on a fine harbor of the Lake, it well merits the title "The Queen City of the West." The city is justly proud of its extensive public parks, beautiful private gardens, elegant villas and broad avenues. Observation carriages will be provided for a several hours' drive, from about 3 p. m. Wednesday, until evening, through the city and extremely picturesque suburbs by the lake shore, which will prove one of the most delightful and instructive of this Itinerary. After supper at the most desirable place in the city, and a further visit to such points of interest as may be seen at night, the elegant train will leave over the Grand Trunk Railway for Kingston, *en route* to the far-famed Thousand Isles.

Arriving at Kingston about 6 o'clock a. m. Thursday, the party will embark on one of the magnificent steamers of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company (breakfast



will be served on the boat). Notice will be taken at Kingston of the great fort located there, the largest in the Dominion. Soon after leaving Kingston the steamer enters the beautiful and enchanting Isles, forming the most numerous and most wonderful collection of river islands in the world, extending downwards for fifty miles to Brockville. They are of every imaginable shape and appearance, from a few rocks to several acres in extent, thickly wooded, and presenting the most charming appearance. At times it seems as if the progress of the steamer was barred, when suddenly rounding the points amid widening passages and bays, a beautiful way is opened to the traveler's enraptured gaze. Again the river seems to end abruptly and the approaching rocks seem to court the steamer's destruction, but before the traveler is aware a channel suddenly appears, and a magnificent amphitheatre of lake, apparently bounded by great banks of green, is spread out before him in all its entrancing beauty.

Approaching these great banks, almost as if by magic they disappear, to be replaced by a hundred little islands, making, with the surging water, the blue sky and fleecy clouds a charming picture never to be forgotten. Handsome villas adorn these beautiful islands, art vying with nature for the mastery in beautifying this region. Passing downward



through these picturesque surroundings, almost lost in wonder and admiration, the party will have an opportunity to see Round Island, the great Thousand Island Park, and thence to Alexandria Bay, built on a massive pile of rocks; romantic and picturesque in the extreme. The rare beauty of the Islands in this vicinity, and for several miles, must be seen to be appreciated; pen can not describe their beauty. The town of Brockville, named after General Brock, who fell on Queenstown Heights in the war of 1812, Prescott, on the Canada side of the St. Lawrence, and Chimney Island, are rapidly passed as the current grows stronger and stronger, sending a thrill of excitement and exhilaration through the traveler as he looks upon the speeding waters, the wide circling eddies, the upheaving surges, growing more angry as the steamer advances, boiling around the staunch steamer as she hurries downward, faster and faster, to the Gallop Rapids, the prelude to the Long Sault, nine miles in extent, with its rushing waters carrying the steamer at the rate of twenty miles an hour with all steam shut off. The excitement, the awe, the thrills of exhilaration, are intense, and the experience most novel.

Passing through the rapids to more placid waters, Cornwall is reached, and the party leave their native land and come into the dominion of Her Majesty, the Queen.



VIEW AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Entering here the expansion of the St. Lawrence, extending for forty miles to Coteau Landing, near which point the steamer passes under the great bridge over the St. Lawrence, one mile and a half long—a great engineering feat.

Space will not permit a description of Coteau Rapids, very fine and two miles long; Cedar Rapids, very turbulent and very exciting; Split Rock, with its enormous boulders guarding the entrance, causing the traveler to hold his breath until they are safely passed. Thence amidst rich and varied scenery, the staunch steamer, with its happy, excited party, passes downward to Cascade Rapids, among the finest, with its white crests foaming on top of the darkish waters, through which the vessel passes on its way to Lachine Rapids, the last but most formidable of them all, the most difficult of navigation. But the steamer rises finally on the surging billows, steers straight through the swift current, guided by the steady eye and sure pilotage of the man at the helm. Conversation, if desired, is almost impossible, the grandeur, the magnitude, the overpowering impressiveness of it all inspires silence and wonderment.

“Running of the Rapids” is soon passed, and the steamer comes in full view of one of the greatest wonders of the age, the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, two



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

miles in length. Passing under this magnificent engineering feat, a great panorama is brought to view—the fine city of Montreal, its two towers of the Church of Notre Dame standing out prominently.

The City of Montreal, founded in 1642, with 300 streets and 250,000 population, is always a source of admiration to the traveler. Its beautiful, large, cut-stone buildings fronting the majestic river, gives it the elegance of some European capital. It is said no other city in this Western Continent gives more of pleasure and interest to the traveler than Montreal. Arriving here at 6.45 p. m., in time for supper, the night and Friday will be spent in visiting the many interesting places in this famous and beautiful city.

Leaving Montreal Friday evening, after a most delightful day of sight-seeing, the special train will speed away to Quebec.

And what shall we say of Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, around which the heroes of France, of England, and of the New England Colonies battled for the key of the Continent. The atmosphere is saturated with memories of the past, and the lover of history can find no better spot for his studies and observations.



Herr Peter Kalm, a widely traveled Swedish gentleman, once said: "See Quebec and live forever! Eternity would be too short to weary me of this lovely scene—this bright Canadian morning is worthy of Eden, and the glorious landscape worthy of such a sunrising."

Already the party are feeling that the United States are miles and miles away, and they are in a strange land, but have learned ere this, a very hospitable land. But entering Quebec, its historic and its unequalled scenery proclaim it no ordinary city, and a feeling of being in a foreign city is very evident. Viewed from any of its approaches, it impresses the visitor in a forcible and very pleasant manner. So many are the points of interest, so different from other cities, that an entire day will be given the party to visit the fortress and the hundreds of places of interest, many things quaint and curious.

After a day long to be remembered, the party will leave Saturday evening for the famous White Mountains, arriving among them Sunday morning, August 25th.

The White Mountains may well be called famous—dim and hazy at first sight in the far distance, their massive peaks looming up as we come nearer into impressive



OFF THE COAST OF MAINE.

grandeur, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," until when Gorman is reached, the full majesty of these ancient hills bursts upon the admiring gaze.

The great peaks, Washington, Clay, Jefferson, Adams and Madison, raise their huge heads to the fleecy clouds, and in their silent grandeur seem the stalwart sentinels of the Continent. The thought of sublime and eternal power fills the mind even of the most careless as he beholds the fascinating sight of the golden and purple halo around their purple summits at sunset. Verdure and trees, clear streams leaping from moss-covered rocks to transparent pools, or purling over pebbly beds, make bowers of beauty from which the traveler is loth to depart.

Spending the Sabbath day in the midst of all this grandeur and beauty—looking up from Nature to Nature's God—the party will find this day one of the brightest and happiest of memories.

Watching the new moon drop behind the mountain peaks, the party will once more take up their journey—reluctant to leave so enchanting a country—and awake next morning at Portland, Maine, into whose wide extending harbor come the great ships of every nation. Here the party will leave the Grand Trunk, over whose tracks they will



OLD ORCHARD BEACH, ON THE LINE OF BOSTON & MAINE R.R.

have traveled a thousand miles in comfort and safety, whose officials and employees have striven with kindly effort to link the miles of pleasure together with unending scenes of interest and happiness never to be forgotten.

Breakfast and several hours in this charming city by the sea, with its tree-clad islands of Casco Bay, the White Mountains in the distance, and the numerous points of interest, will occupy the forenoon of Monday. Thence by the famous Boston & Maine Railway the train will go to Old Orchard Beach, stop awhile to view its charms, and then a swift run to Boston, the objective point of the journey—the scene of the, to be, greatest Conclave in the history of the Knights Templar.

Boston is too well known, too great in its proportions, too rich in our country's history, too inviting to him who seeks pleasure or information, to attempt any description of its inspiring influences.

At Boston the splendid Wagner sleeping cars will be side-tracked at some desirable street, near the principal electric car lines whereby all points in the city may be reached readily. Utilizing the cars to sleep in at night, and availing themselves of the very many fine restaurants, the expenses in Boston can be reduced to the minimum by all who wish to do so.

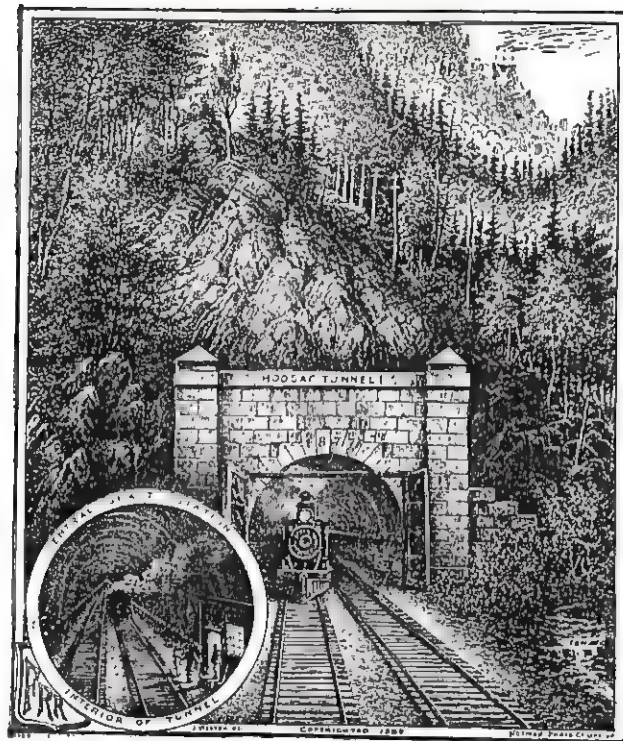


With over three days here (from Monday evening to Thursday evening) ample time will be given to visit the endless places of interest in Boston, and those who desire will have many opportunities for short trips to historical points near the city.

After a delightful visit in the charming city of Boston, the party will again take up their journey, leaving Thursday evening *via* the long well-known Fitchburg Railroad, passing through the great watch-making city of Waltham; Gardner, with its immense chair factories, and many other important places noted for various industries.

Passing Lake Walden, Thoreau's lake, which "lays like an amethyst surrounded by rubies, topaz and emeralds, in the blue water, edged with scarlet and yellow maples, by the deep green pines." Thence into the Deerfield Valley, whose stream has its birth-place away in the Berkshire Mountains, gathering strength and volume as its limpid waters flow onward, gurgling over its rocky bed, its laughing ripples white-crested as the new-fallen snow. Everywhere is the beautiful scenery, with the rich coloring of the glad summer-time, when nature takes on her softest, most gentle and gracious mood.

Hurrying swiftly onward, the train enters the great Hoosac Tunnel, nearly five miles long, brilliantly lighted with electric lights, "like a string of golden beads," enabling



every one to get a fine view of the great granite walls from the car windows. Many years ago Oliver Wendell Holmes, in naming the events that might be considered as foretelling the end of all things, mentioned the completion of the Hoosac Tunnel as most likely to foreshadow the end of the world.

*"When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore.
Till then let Cumming blaze away
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe."*

"That blessed day" has long since passed, and we are still here, and this great engineering feat is a prodigious fact.

It requires ten minutes for the train to pass through this, the greatest tunnel in this country, and with but one exception the largest in the world, costing years of labor and millions of dollars. To pass through this great tunnel is no common event in one's life. The tunnel is ventilated by numerous air shafts running to the surface.



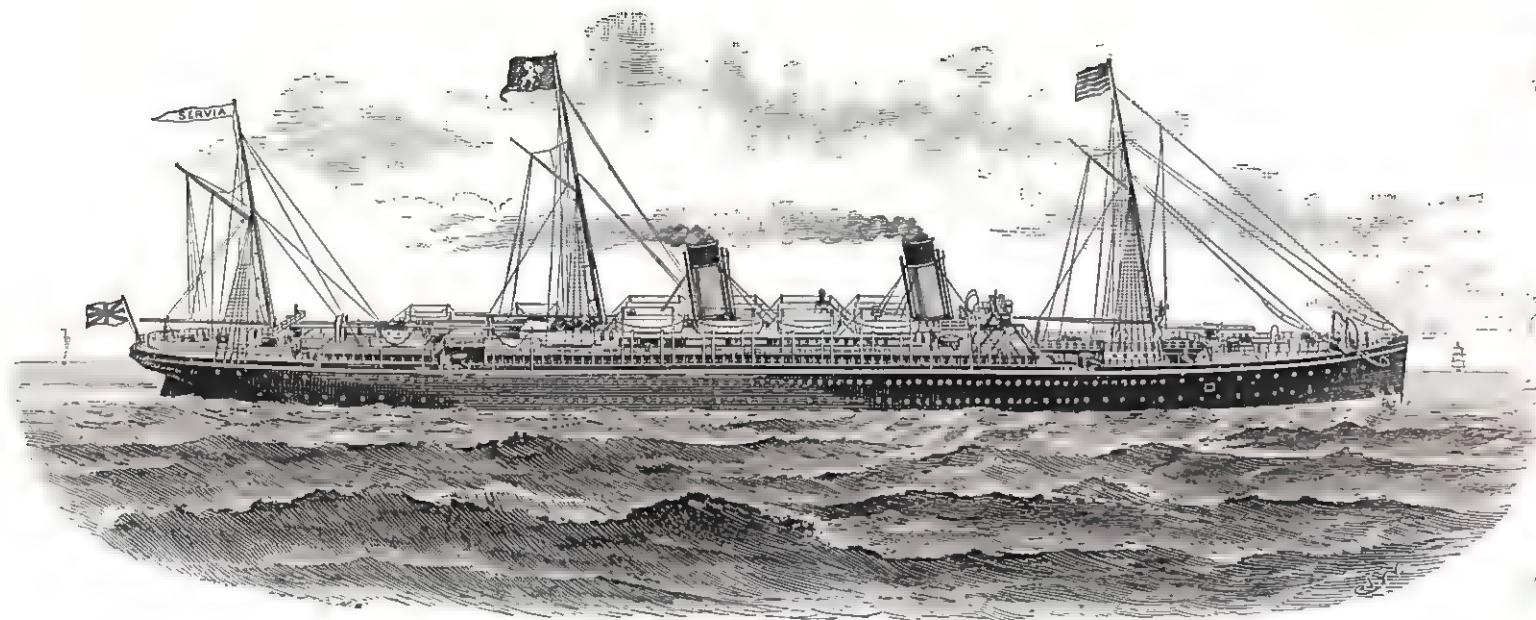
HUDSON RIVER VIEW.

Thence onward through many important towns and beautiful landscapes until we arrive at Albany, with its magnificent Capitol building, and many other points of interest, in time to take the palatial Day Line Steamers for a daylight ride down the famous Hudson River to New York. This is one of the grandest and most delightful trips in this country, its rich, varied and beautiful scenery beggars description, and must be seen to be appreciated, and once seen never to be forgotten, but to remain forever a happy memory. The magnificent steamers on this line are exclusively for passenger service, and the entire steamer is given up to the pleasure and accommodation of its patrons.

After this long to be remembered day amidst scenes beautiful and historic, the party will reach Jersey City on Friday evening, August 30th.

Arriving at Jersey City the party will find their cars, which will be used there by all who wish, thereby saving the trouble and expense of hotels. The ferries afford very frequent and easy communication between Jersey City and New York. This arrangement will be a great saving in the expenses of the trip, and save considerable trouble in the matter of hunting up a hotel on arriving in New York or Jersey City.

Spending from Friday night until Monday morning in New York will give ample



OCEAN STEAMER VIEW.

time to visit the greatest of American cities, and said to be the least American of all cities. Still, "there is only one New York." Here the party can find amusement, sight-seeing and instruction to suit any taste, and in endless variety.

Leaving New York about nine o'clock Monday morning the happy party will find one of the very brightest links in this long chain of delights has been reserved until the last—the trip on the great Lehigh Valley Road. The charming daylight ride *via* this truly picturesque route will be one of THE features of the whole trip.

With anthracite coal used exclusively in the locomotives, cinders and smoke are not known to the traveler, assuring "a clean ride and a clean face."

Passing Perth Amboy, N. J., the first port of entry in the United States north of latitude 30 degrees, and now the great tidal shipping port for New York waters, the great manufacturing city of Newark is reached, wherein are located almost every kind of industries.

Proceeding northwest, and crossing the Delaware River at Phillipsburg, the traveler enters the great State of Pennsylvania at Easton, "a city set on a hill." Prominent to the eye of the traveler are the handsome buildings of Lafayette College on the heights



beyond the city; Paximosa Inn, on the crest of the mountain, commanding a view of forty miles, and the extensive shops of the Lehigh Valley Road, are points of special interest. Thence onward to Bethlehem, where the steel plates and heavy guns for the Government cruisers are made, to South Bethlehem, the seat of Lehigh University, the great engineering school, etc., the train passes near Lehigh Gap, a rare mountain view.

As the train speeds onward the beautiful Calypso Island comes into view. Following the winding river at this point, through this wild yet beautiful country, the traveler can take in more acres of hills, valleys and mountains at a glance than seems possible.

Passing to and through the great yards of the road at Packerton, the approach to Mauch Chunk, strikingly wild and impressive, begins. This is one of the finest scenic displays on this continent. The city seems to clamber up and over, around and on top of the great hills, and in every direction are its glories of scenery.

The famous Switchback Railroad is here. The ascent at an angle of forty degrees is indeed a novel experience.

At the summit of Mt. Pizgah, 1,500 feet above tide water, and 900 feet above the flowing river below, a remarkably fine view may be obtained.



GLEN ONOKO.

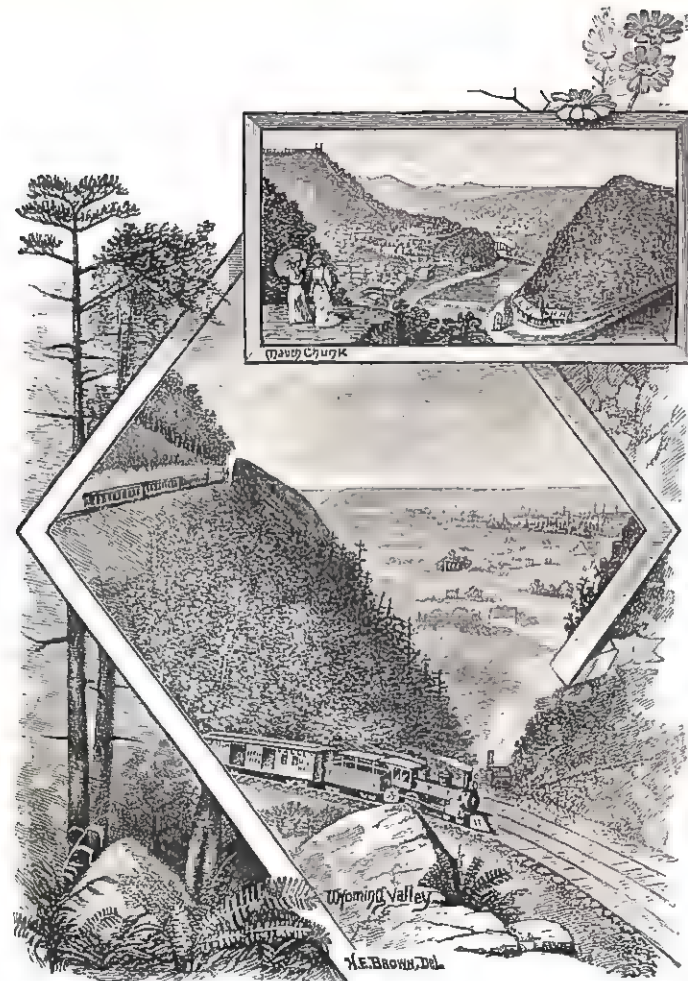
Onward to Glen Onoko—fascinating and picturesque, with its cooling breezes wooing the traveler and weary business man of the city to tarry in its inviting shades, with its Onoko Falls, Pulpit Rocks and Maid of the Mist. Ascending the mountains, 2,000 feet above tide water, the beautiful summer resort, Glen Summit, on Nescopee Mountain, presents itself to the favor of the traveler and Summer tourist.

The descent to Wilkesbarre, nineteen miles away, is amidst views richer than words can describe, for the beauties of the Wyoming Valley have long been the poet's theme.

Thomas Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming" is brought freshly to mind:

"Delightful Wyoming: beneath thy skies,
 The happy shepherd swains had naught to do
 But feed their flocks on green declivities;
 Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe.

 While yet the wild deer trod in sparkling dew,
 While boatmen carol'd to the fresh blown air,
 And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
 And early fox appeared in momentary view."



Passing on through West Pittston, Caxton, through the great Vosburg tunnel, requiring three years and four months' work, night and day, to build, the run along the Susquehanna is very fine.

"The Susquehanna murmurs
A song entrancing, sweet,
As its wavelets gaily ripple
To where all waters meet."

Hurrying along through scenes that bid the traveler linger longer in their beauty, we arrive at Ithaca, beautifully located at the Southern end of Lake Cayuga, and the seat of the famous Cornell University. The ride along the banks of the Cayuga is beautiful for miles. Geneva, at the northwest extremity of Seneca Lake, will impress the traveler as a beautiful city.

Continuing through the fine scenery of Northern New York the party on this great Itinerary arrives at Buffalo about 8 o'clock p. m., full of happy thoughts of the pleasant day on the Lehigh Valley Railway. Those of the party who do not wish to hurry home



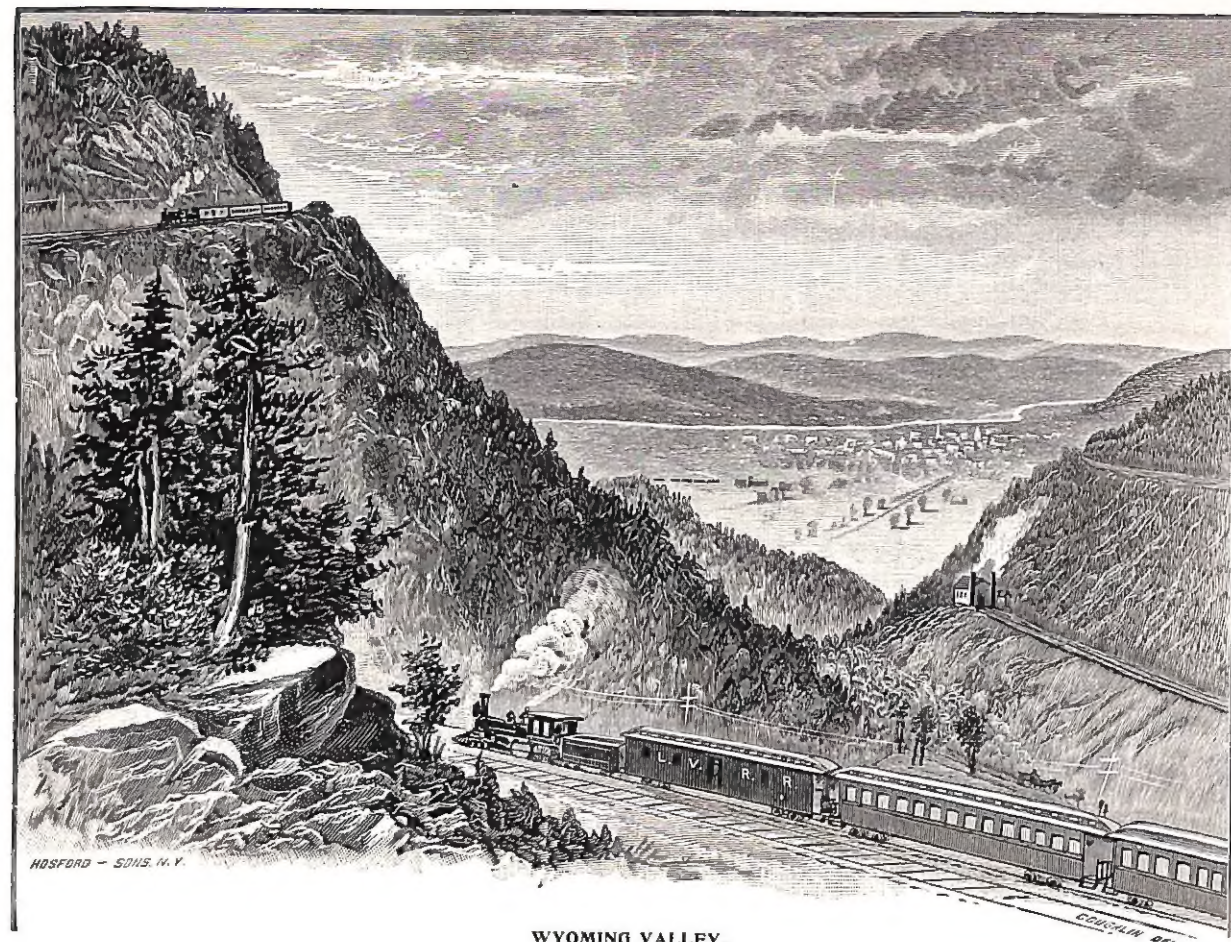
VOSBURG TUNNEL.

may leave the party here, visit Buffalo, and go out to Niagara Falls, a few miles away, for another visit to this great wonder.

The party desiring to reach home promptly will leave Buffalo that night, arriving home, in Wheeling, early the next day, which, if not as fine as many cities visited, is after all, "home"—and home is sweet.

Owing to the early publication of this Itinerary, it could not be announced where in each place visited, meals will be taken. But this will be specially looked after, for every point, about a month before the party leaves Wheeling, and no effort will be spared to procure the best at every point and at lowest rates, and the Committee are assured that for as large a party as will go on this trip, a material reduction will be made from the regular rates.

The Committee are assured that Mr. O. R. Wood, Traveling Passenger Agent of the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway, will accompany the party, personally looking after the details of the trip and the comfort of the party. Mr. Wood has made an enviable reputation for careful attention to the patrons of the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railway



WYOMING VALLEY.

and the Committee are fully convinced that no efforts will be spared by him, the officers of the road, and of the roads embraced in this Itinerary, to make this a memorable trip.

And the Committee cordially invite the members of the Commandery and their friends to join this party, for the finest trip ever undertaken by any Society in Wheeling.

Full particulars, tickets and sleeping car reservations, (nearer the time) copies of this Itinerary, etc., may be had from the following Committee:

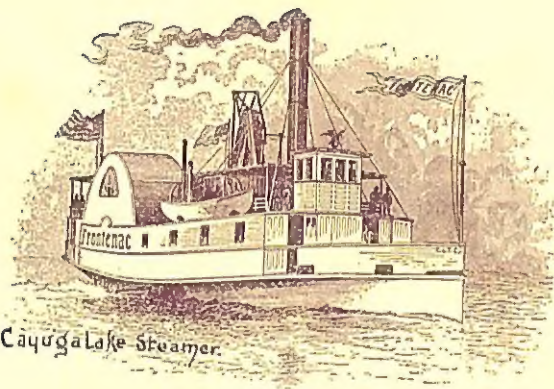
Committee on Transportation,

{ WM. H. TRAVIS,
JOHN A. ZORN,
CHAS. P. WOOD,
T. C. STEVENSON,
ARCHIE T. HUPP,
STEPHEN WATERHOUSE, JR.





VIEW OF WHEELING, W. VA.



Cayuga Lake Steamer.